

Penitentiary Chances (feat. Hell Rell)

Jim Jones

Rell fresh home
How it feel to back where the bricks my nigga
Ya heard, I got the D.A. on my ass right now
All my soldiers behind the G Wall
Inhale, exhale, fuck the police I'm up early on the strip while the birds chirpin'
I had to turn my ohone off too many birds chirpin'
Damn my homies gotta sit in the bing
So for them, I flood my chain and piss in my ring Yeah, shit on these niggaz 'til I sit wit the Lord
I woulda been home last year but I got hit at the board, nigga
Yeah, you spotted man, now you red dotted man
You fuckin' wit Hell Rell, New York City's rider man Now is these niggaz some killers like us?
No
They say the real, well they realer than us?
No, no, no Is my set good?
Yes
Is my bet good?
Yes
Is my threat good?
Yes, yes, yes Since you've been home they done indicted ya boy
Due to the circumstances of this life we enjoy
Niggaz start snitchin' they Sammy the Bullin'
'Til my niggaz start grippin' these hammers and pull 'em That's when these niggaz start switchin' turnin'
Islamic and Muslim
'Cause they seein' my position is straight savage and hoodlums
Shit, who suffered and lost, my new truck is a Porsche
This is One-Eye Willie and I'm from fuckin' New York Who them niggaz paintin' the town red
Dip-set
Banks stop and we lay down bets
Byrd Gang
Who them niggaz gettin' that money man
Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga
Byrd Gang
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz
Dip-set
Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga
Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang Now do these niggaz be bangin' like me?
No
They say they G is they gangstas like me?
No, no, no Is my guns good?

Yes
 Is my ones good?
 Yes
 Do we run hoods?
 Yes, yes, yes My pistol game been tight since chicken lo mein and rice
 Tryna get that paper, flippin' that caine for a price
 Fiends goin brazy, hittin that caine through the pipe
 Niggaz that bang to the right, I'm just sayin this is life So we adore and survive
 Cause through this war we gon ride wit two 4's on our side
 Shit, man I'm riskin' it all
 Cause for this love and this money man, I just wanna ball Who them niggaz paintin' the town red?
 Dip-set
 Banks stop and we lay down bets
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 Who them niggaz gettin' that money man
 Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga
 Byrd Gang
 Who them niggaz squeezin' at bitch niggaz
 Dip-set
 Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga
 Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang These niggaz want me to slow down and switch my
 speed
 And these bitches pokin' holes in the condom tryna get my seed
 Leave me alone lemme twist my weed
 Two things I never seen a U.F.O. and a bitch I need The Beamer shinin' on B.B.'s, niggaz tryin' to be me
 You gangsta on the streets dawg, north signin' to P.C
 These niggaz washed up callin' it quits
 It don't matter, Porsche to 6, they be all my dick I slaughter the strip wit a quarter a brick
 I got Florida chicks comin' to N.Y. for the dick
 I only been home for a month but I'm still fresh y'all
 Up in this booth and still smellin' like the mess hall Now is these niggaz more liver than me?
 No
 He kinda hot but is he spittin' more fire than me?
 No, no, no, no Is my dope good?
 Yes
 Is my coke good?
 Yes
 Am I so hood?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes Now is these niggaz some killas like us
 No
 They say the real, well they realer than us
 No, no, no Is my set good?
 Yes
 Is my bet good?
 Yes

Is my threat good?

Yes, yes, yes

Songwriters

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